THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK MAGAZINE!

SPRING 1999

RESIDENT EVIL™ #5

- FEATURING "KANE & ABE," THE EXCITING CONCLUSION TO "DEAD AIR/ZOMBIES ABROAD," PLUS TWO OTHER THRILLING STORIES!
- NEW, EXPANDED RESIDENT EVIL™ FILES!

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RESIDENT EVIL™

The Official Comic Book Magazine #5 – Spring 1999

In this issue:

- **"...And the Last Shall Be First" – Dexter Whitlam, teenage genius, is victimized by schoolyard bullies. Breaking into a secret Umbrella laboratory, he steals a vial of the G-virus. Now it's time for him to turn the tables on his tormentors.**

  Story by Kris Oprisko
  Art by Lee Bermejo

- **"Emmy's Bloody Spoon" – Claire Redfield's first experience in Raccoon City was to stumble on a horrific scene of carnage in the local diner. Find out how the bloodbath started in the moments before she arrived.**

  Story by Ted Adams
  Art by Ryan Odagawa

- **"Kane & Abe" – In their quest for Umbrella's European HQ, Chris, Jill, and Barry have narrowly avoided death in the air and battled zombies across the continent. Now they face the biggest danger yet in a creepy German castle. Will they escape with their lives?**

  Story by Ted Adams
  Art by Carlos D'Anda

- **The Resident Evil Files – This issue, we feature Barry Burton, the Licker, Leon S. Kennedy, and the baby.**

- **Epitaphs – More wild and wonderful letters and art from *Resident Evil* fans worldwide!**

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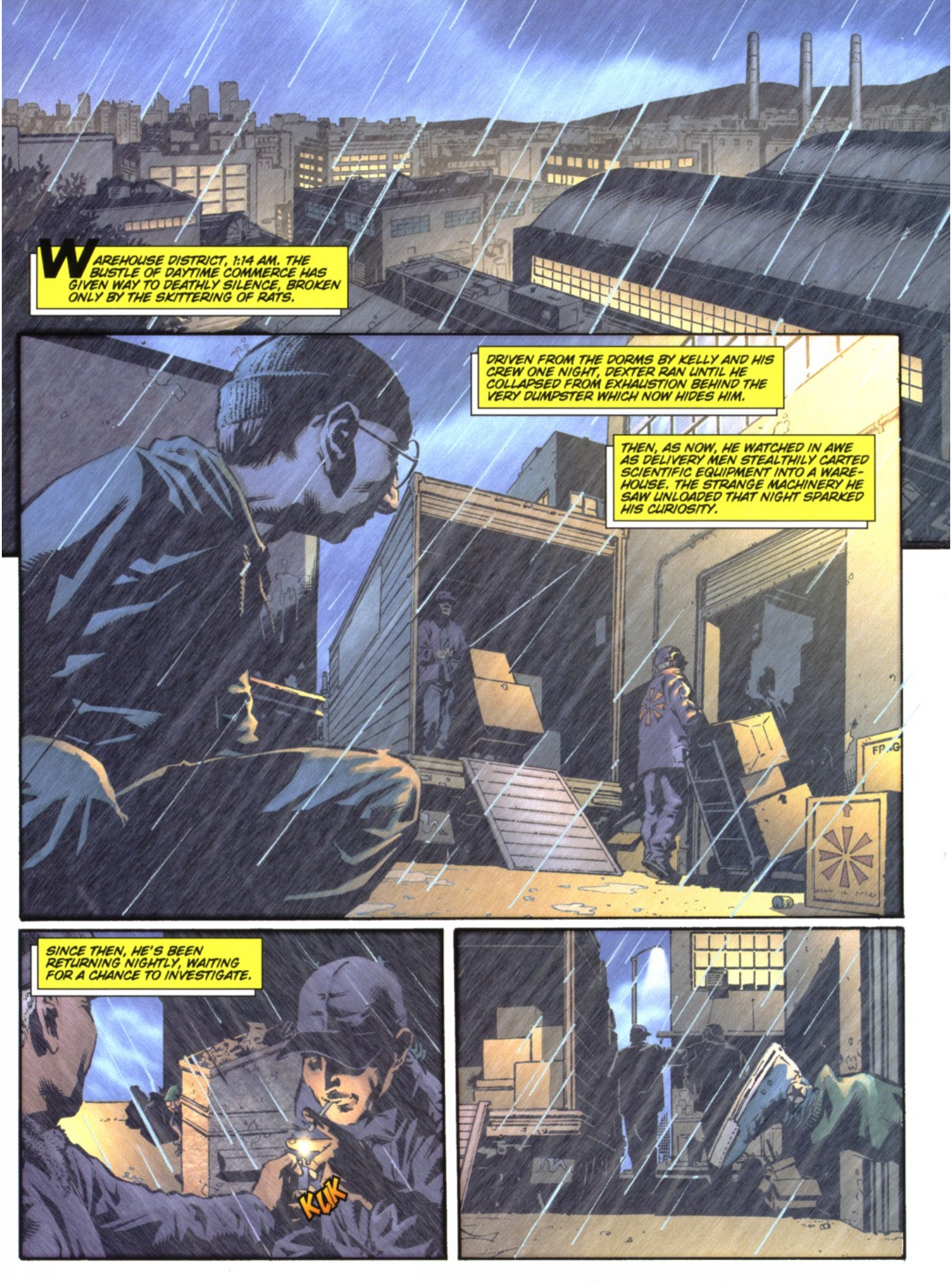
THE PRESTIGIOUS PINE GROVE ACADEMY, NESTLED IN THE ROLLING FARMLAND OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA, IS ONE OF THE NATION'S FINEST BOARDING SCHOOLS.
PINE GRO
SINCE 1
THESE HALLOWED HALLS ARE A MAGNET FOR SOME OF AMERICA'S BRIGHTEST YOUNG MINDS, AS WELL AS THE LESS DESERVING SCIONS OF OLD MONEY FAMILIES.
TO DEXTER WHITLAM, IT'S HOME. A PLACE TO HONE HIS INTELLECTUAL PROWESS. A PLACE TO PONDER THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.
AN ALMOST PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR HIM.
ADVANCED
PHYSIC
JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
...AND THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST
KRIS OPRISKO STORY
LEE BERMEJO PENCILS
JOHN TIGHE INKS
ROB ROBBINS LETTERS
WILDSTORM FX COMPUTER COLORS

ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE.
FREEZE, GEEK BOY!
DEXTER, DEXTER, DEXTER. DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD CROSS ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT?
BUT I--
SAVE IT, LOSER! I NEEDED YOUR CHEM NOTES LAST NIGHT AND YOU SHAFTED ME!
BUT I DO ALWAYS ENJOY THESE TIMES WE HAVE TOGETHER.
UGGH.
WHUFF

HEH HEH HEH
HEY, STOP IT! LEAVE HIM ALONE!
LET'S GO, GUYS. HE'S HAD ENOUGH -- FOR NOW.
ARE YOU OK?
I'M... GONNA... KILL THEM!
DON'T LET THOSE MEATHEADS GET TO YOU, DEXTER. IF IT WASN'T FOR THEIR RICH DADDIES' INFLUENCE THEY'D NEVER BE ALLOWED IN.
I KNOW, RUTHIE. ALL THEY CAN DO IS TRY TO DESTROY WHAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND.
"ONE DAY I'LL MAKE THEM ALL PAY."

LATER THAT NIGHT, DEXTER SEETHES WITH RAGE AS THE LITANY OF INDIGNITIES HE'S SUFFERED AT HIS TORMENTORS' HANDS PLAYS IN HIS MIND.
Our Universe
E=MC
THOSE BASTARDS ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMING TO THEM.
KELLY THORNEDIKE. LEADER OF THE "IN" CROWD AND SON OF ARMAMENT TYCOON CLIFTON THORNEDIKE. SMUG AND PRETENTIOUS WITH A NASTY MEAN STREAK.
WADE BODDINGTON III. NARCISSISTIC PRETTY BOY. ALWAYS READY TO IMPRESS THE LADIES WITH A SHOW OF STRENGTH AT DEXTER'S EXPENSE.
TODD UMBENHAUER. DIM WITTED FOOTBALL STAR. WOULD DO ANYTHING KELLY ASKED HIM TO IN ORDER TO REMAIN POPULAR.

THEY HAVE NO IDEA WHO THEY'RE TRIFLING WITH. ONE DAY THOSE PAMPERED THUGS WILL EXHAUST THE PATIENCE AND FORTUNE OF THEIR FAMILIES, WHILE I'LL BE A REVERED SCIENTIFIC GENIUS!
THEY'LL... THEY'LL CRAWL TO ME, BEGGING FOR MY HELP!
HOW I'LL ENJOY CRUSHING THEM!
SPLASH
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, DEXTER STEALS OUT OF HIS DORMITORY.
MAYBE TONIGHT I'LL GET MY CHANCE.


WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, 1:14 AM. THE BUSTLE OF DAYTIME COMMERCE HAS GIVEN WAY TO DEATHLY SILENCE, BROKEN ONLY BY THE SKITTERING OF RATS.
DRIVEN FROM THE DORMS BY KELLY AND HIS CREW ONE NIGHT, DEXTER RAN UNTIL HE COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION BEHIND THE VERY DUMPSTER WHICH NOW HIDES HIM.
THEN, AS NOW, HE WATCHED IN AWE AS DELIVERY MEN STEALTHILY CARTED SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT INTO A WAREHOUSE. THE STRANGE MACHINERY HE SAW UNLOADED THAT NIGHT SPARKED HIS CURIOSITY.
SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN RETURNING NIGHTLY, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE.
KLIK

COOL! OBVIOUSLY SOME SORT OF GENETIC CODE MANIPULATION LEADING TO MASSIVE MUTATION. THIS THING COULD DO SOME SERIOUS DAMAGE.
HOLY S#!+! WHAT IS THIS STUFF!?
IT LOOKS LIKE A BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH FACILITY, BUT...

AND I'D BET MY LIFE THAT VIAL IS PART OF THE PROCESS. I'LL JUST ACCESS THAT COMPUTER...
...AND THEN THE MONK SAYS, "PULL IT AND I'LL TELL YOU!"
HA HA HA! JACKIE THE JOKEMAN KILLS ME!
HUH? EARL, WE'VE GOT A SECURITY BREACH!
THERE HE GOES! LOOKS LIKE SOME KID.
PROBABLY JUST A THRILL SEEKER. I WAS KIND OF WILD WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, TOO.
DUDE, THE UMBRELLA BRASS IS GONNA CAN OUR BUTTS IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO THEIR STUFF.
EARL
DON'T LOOK LIKE NOTHIN'S MISSIN', THOUGH. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
DUNNO. PRETEND IT DIDN'T HAPPEN AND COUNT OURSELVES LUCKY, I GUESS.

IT'S GOTTA BE SOME KIND OF VIRUS, BUT IT DOESN'T MATCH ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. IF I CAN REPLICATE THE MUTATION OF THAT THING FROM THE WAREHOUSE, I'LL BE INVINCIBLE! THEN KELLY, WADE, AND TODD WILL--
WE'LL WHAT, PUNK?
POK
YOU WANT A PIECE OF US? OR ARE YOU GONNA SIC YOUR NERDY GIRLFRIEND ON US AGAIN?
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T GET US ANGRY, DEXTER. I'M LOSING MY PATIENCE.
YEAH, KELLY, ME TOO.
SHUT UP, TODD.
WHAT YOU GOT THERE, BRAINIAC? ONE OF YOUR PRECIOUS CHEMISTRY BOOKS?
SUCKS THAT YOU CAN'T READ IT.

WHAP
YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE, CRETIN. HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO YOU.
CALCULUS
KRAKK
DAMN, THAT HURT. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRAP.
UGGH...
LATER, LOSERS!
THAT'S IT! YOU GUYS ARE DEAD! I'LL RIP YOUR HEARTS OUT!
C'MON RUTHIE, LET'S GET YOU CLEANED UP. THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS-- I PROMISE.

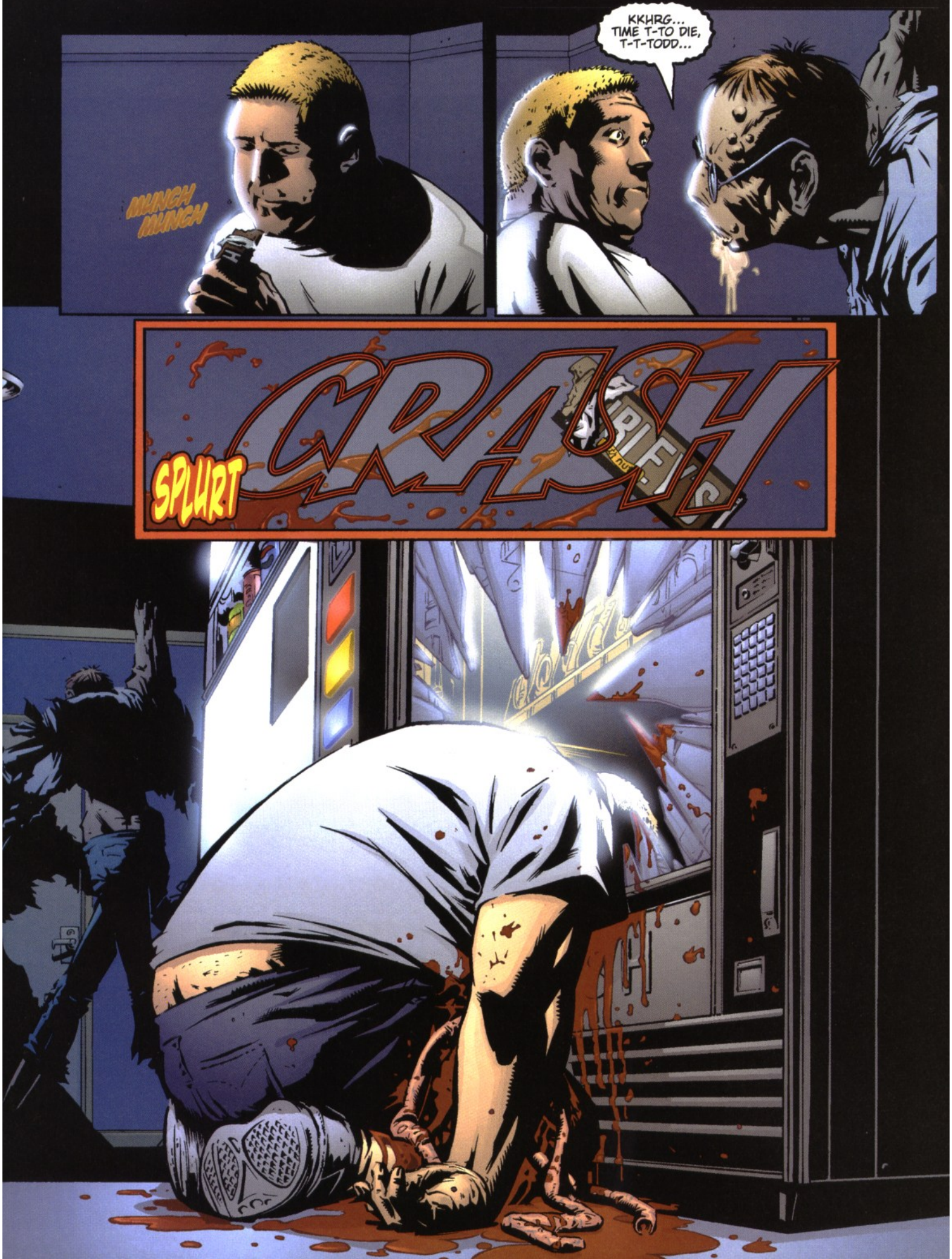
WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE.
YOU FEEBLE-MINDED IDIOTS!! DID YOU REALLY THINK WE WOULD FAIL TO NOTICE A MISSING G-VIRUS SAMPLE? PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE THE SUBJECTS OF OUR NEW EXPERIMENT ON HOW LONG ONE CAN LIVE WHEN SKINNED ALIVE?
MR. VENK, PERHAPS IT'S TIME FOR SOME NOT-SO-GENTLE PERSUASION.
N-NO, PLEASE. I SWEAR WE WEREN'T TRYING TO COVER NOTHIN' UP.
AND YET YOU REPORTED NO BREAK-IN. INTERESTING.
IT WAS JUST... WELL, WE ONLY SEEN HIM RUNNIN' OUT, BUT HE WAS JUST A TEENAGER. WE THOUGHT HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR A THRILL. WHAT COULD HE KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS SCIENTIFIC STUFF?
A TEENAGER?
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A FEW SCHOOLS TO VISIT. THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN. YOUR INFORMATION HAS BEEN VERY HELPFUL.
YOU MAY KILL THEM NOW, MR. VENK.

PINE GROVE ACADEMY, BOY'S DORMITORY.
AAAARRGH!
BURNING-- THE PAIN!!
AAAAAAAAAA
SHRKK

TULPEHOCKEN FIELD HOUSE.
GOOD PRACTICE, WADE. LOCK UP WHEN YOU LEAVE.
NO PROB. LATER, DUDE.
LOOKIN' GOOD. NO WONDER CHICKS DIG ME!
HE... HE... HELLO, WADE... GGKK...KK

HELP!
URRRK...
GGKK... ONE D-DOWN...

RHEN ATHLETIC DORMITORY.
EVERYBODY, MOVE YOUR BODY...
BACKSTREET'S BACK -- ALRIGHT!
PINE
GROVE
15
18
PUSH
HMM, WHAT DO I FEEL LIKE TODAY? CHOCO BARS OR DONUTS?
WHRRR
FROSTY NOUGAT CRUNCH!


MUNCH MUNCH
KKHRG... TIME T-TO DIE, T-T-TODD...
SPLURT
CRASH

BOY'S DORMITORY.
EXCELLENT, MR. VENK. IT SEEMS THIS INFERNAL SEARCH IS AT AN END.
THESE NOTES INDICATE THAT OUR YOUNG THIEF DEXTER WHITLAM FANCIES HIMSELF SOMETHING OF A SCIENCE PRODIGY. HIS RESEARCH IS QUITE AMAZING, ACTUALLY.
AND OBSERVE THE VIAL OF G-VIRUS, MY SILENT FRIEND. IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY YOU'LL SEE A HINT OF HUMAN BLOOD IN THE SOLUTION. HE'S INJECTED HIMSELF.
LET'S TAKE HIM DOWN.

RITZHEIMER GYMNASIUM.
FOOM
ANOTHER UPPER DECK SHOT BY KELLY THORNEDIKE! THE CROWD GOES WILD!
KRAK
HE EYES THE PITCHER, WAITING FOR--
SNAK!
WHAT THE...?

P-PAYBACK TIME, TH-THORNEDIKKKE... GGGK... KK...
STAY AWAY FROM ME, FREAK!
SLASH
GGKK... KKKILL YOU...
NO! STOP, PLEASE!

EXIT
DEXTER, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, BUT THERE ARE PEOPLE AFTER YOU.
PLEASE, DON'T KILL HIM, DEXTER! YOU CAN'T!
I'M BEGGING YOU. NAME YOUR PRICE, MY DAD'LL PAY IT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
RRRR... REVENGE!!!
WHUK
NO!
GKRR...M-MORE BLOOD... GGGK... KKK...

KKRRRAHCCCKKKK
EXCELLENT SHOT, MR. VENK. AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN HE IS.
-:SOB:- OH DEXTER, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

HE AWAKENS.
EXCELLENT.
DO NOT TRY TO SPEAK, YOUNG WHITLAM.
THAT'S RIGHT. WE KNOW YOUR NAME, AND QUITE A BIT MORE. YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF TO BE A SCIENTIFIC PRODIGY, UNLOCKING THE SECRET OF THE G-VIRUS IN A MATTER OF HOURS. AND THAT KILLING SPREE OF YOURS -- QUITE NASTY.
IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME FOR YOU TO RECOVER FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE VIRUS, BUT WHEN YOU DO, MY EMPLOYERS AT UMBRELLA ARE PREPARED TO OFFER YOU UNLIMITED RESOURCES TO PURSUE OUR UNIQUE RESEARCH.
A MIND LIKE YOURS COMES ALONG ONCE IN A GENERATION. AT UMBRELLA, YOU CAN HONE YOUR INTELLECT FREE FROM THE FETTERS OF SO-CALLED ETHICAL BEHAVIOR.
WE BELIEVE IT WILL BE AN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR YOU. WELCOME.
OPRISKO BERMEJO

Leon S. Kennedy

Age: 21
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 155 lbs.
Blood Type: A

Leon S. Kennedy graduated from the Police Academy at the top of his class. He was all that a Raccoon City police officer could hope to be: highly intelligent, supremely confident, and a crack shot. All that he was lacking was experience in the field.

Fate ordained that Leon would gain that experience all too quickly. Arriving in Raccoon City when the population was in the throes of Umbrella's contamination, he needed all his skills to simply stay alive. Leon has made it his personal mission to fight Umbrella's evil wherever it may appear.

ART BY CARLOS D'ANDA

The Resident Evil Files™
Baby
In the earliest stages of G-virus infection, the unfortunate human host mutates hideously while the baby grows inside its body. When the infant is ready to emerge, the host ejects the monster in a hail of vomit. Once free of its host, the young monstrosity spreads parasites to infect others.
ART BY CARLOS D'ANDA

IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO "SEE THE COUNTRY" ON OUR HONEYMOON. I WANTED TO GO TO THE BAHAMAS.
THERE'S A SIGN. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ENTERING RACCOON CITY.
Welcome t
Raccoo
City
JUST MARRIED

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT

A RESIDENT EVIL STORY

EMMY'S BLOODY SPOON

BASED ON AN IDEA BY CARLOS D'ANDA

TED ADAMS STORY

RYAN ODAGAWA PENCILS

BAD @$$: PP. 1-5
WILDSTORM FX: P. 6
COMPUTER COLORS

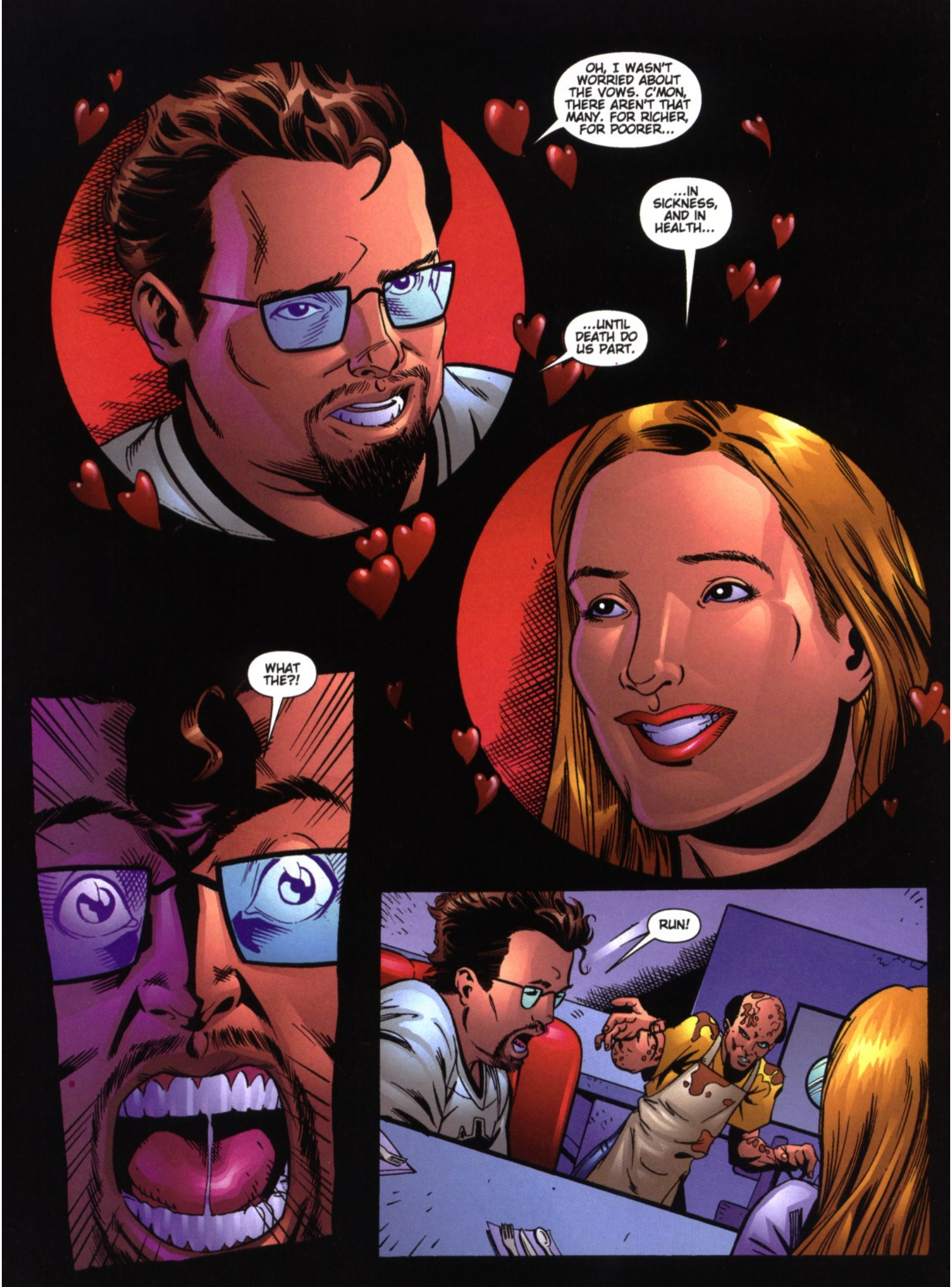
JOHN TIGHE INKS

ROB ROBBINS LETTERS

MMMM. MY FAVORITE, A SMALL TOWN GREASY SPOON.
Emmy's CAFE
I JUST HOPE THEY'VE GOT A BAR. I NEED A DRINK.
THANKS FOR THE COFFEE, EMMY.
I'M GLAD YOU CAME BY, TIM. IT'S BEEN REALLY QUIET TONIGHT. I WONDER WHERE EVERYONE IS?
GOOD NIGHT.
SEE YA, TIM!
YOU FOLKS FROM OUT OF TOWN?
YUP. WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON AND WE GOT A LITTLE LOST. GLAD WE FOUND YOUR PLACE, I'M STARVING. I'LL HAVE THE BANDIT BURGER WITH EXTRA CHEESE AND A LARGE COKE.
AND FOR YOU, MISS?
I'LL JUST HAVE A GLASS OF WINE.

BOB! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? YOU LOOK TERRIBLE!
HRRGGGHHH!
RRGGGHHH!
BOB! GET AWAY FROM ME!
I'M SORRY, HONEY. I GUESS I'VE JUST BEEN STRESSED OUT ABOUT THE WEDDING.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M GLAD IT'S OVER, TOO. I WAS REALLY WORRIED ABOUT REMEMBERING OUR VOWS.

AAAIIIIE!
SHOVE!
MAYBE THIS HOT GREASE'LL COOL YOU DOWN!
FLING!
AARRGHHH!
NOOOOOOOO!
RRRGGGHHH!


OH, I WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT THE VOWS. C'MON, THERE AREN'T THAT MANY. FOR RICHER, FOR POORER...
...IN SICKNESS, AND IN HEALTH...
...UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.
WHAT THE?!
RUN!

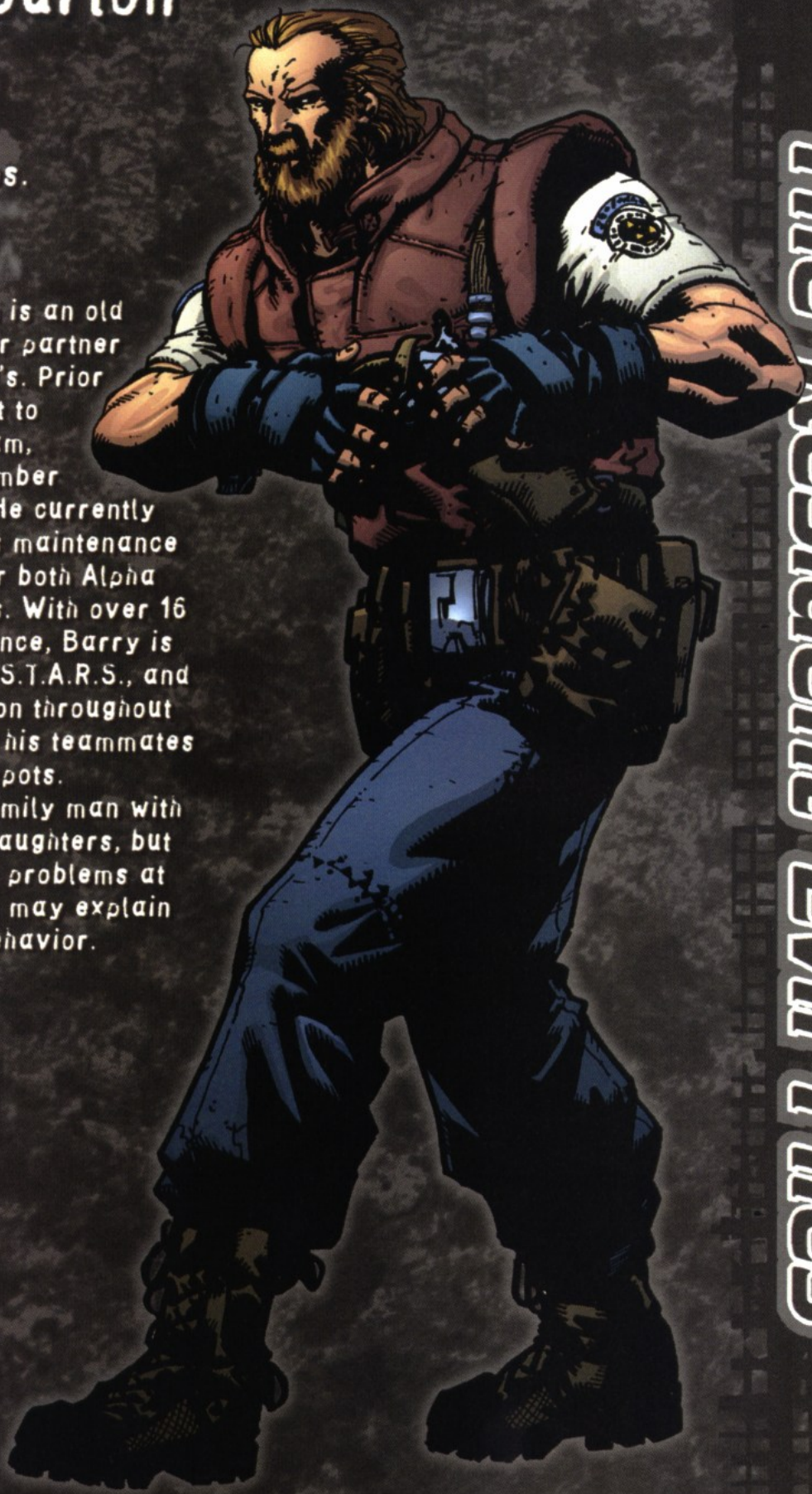
GET OFF HER!
HELP!
HRRG GHHH!
STAB!
WHAT?!
HRRGGHH! DEATHHHH PARRTS!
THE END

Barry Burton

Age: 38
Height: 6'0"
Weight: 197 lbs.
Blood Type: A

Barry Burton is an old friend and former partner of Chris Redfield's. Prior to his assignment to the S.T.A.R.S. team, Barry was a member of a SWAT unit. He currently handles weapons maintenance and inventory for both Alpha and Bravo teams. With over 16 years of experience, Barry is a great asset to S.T.A.R.S., and can be relied upon throughout a mission to pull his teammates out of any tight spots.

Barry is a family man with a wife and two daughters, but he's been having problems at home lately. This may explain his recent odd behavior.



The Resident Evil™ Files

ART BY CARLOS D'ANDA

The Resident Evil™ Files

Licker

An example of the lethal genetic engineering practiced by Umbrella, the Licker is a savage killing machine. Its fearsome claws allow the beast to cling to even the smoothest of surfaces, while its tongue can skewer prey from long distance.

ART BY CARLOS D'ANDA

WE COME TO EUROPE LOOKING FOR UMBRELLA'S HEADQUARTERS...
...AND ALL I FIND IS SOME ZOMBIE VERMIN.*
*SEE RESIDENT EVIL #4, "ZOMBIES ABROAD"
GUESS WE FOUND THE RIGHT PLACE.
FREAKIN' ZOMBIES!

JIM LEE AND
WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS
PRESENT

A RESIDENT EVIL STORY

KANE & ABE

TED ADAMS
STORY

CARLOS D'ANDA
PENCILS

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INKS

WILDSTORM FX:
PP. 1-5

BAD @$$:
PP. 6-17
COMPUTER COLORS

ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS

HEY CHRIS!
WHERE'S JILL?
I DON'T KNOW. SHE MUST HAVE COME THROUGH HERE.
HEY! LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
GRENADES!
LOOKS LIKE JILL RAN INTO SOME TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY. I HOPE SHE'S ALL RIGHT.
SQEEK! SQEEK!
BLAM! BLAM!

BLAM
BLAM
KANE! STOP IT! SHE'S NOT OUR ENEMY.
DAMN IT! I TOLD CHRIS I NEEDED BETTER FIREPOWER.
AAABE!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
NO! KEEP IT AWAY!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
HOW MANY BULLETS CAN THIS THING TAKE?

IT'S STOPPING?
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO.
...ONE THING LEFT...

I'VE FAILED YOU, KANE.
TAK! TAK! TAK! TAK! TAK! TAK! TAK! TAK!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY.
TAK! TAK! TAK! TAK!

TAK! TAK! BEEEEEEP!
SELF-DESTRUCT
10:00

GET UP, YOU ROTTING BASTARD! I KNOW YOU'RE NOT DEAD!
KLICK!

UHHRHHHH!

SELF-DESTRUCT
7:30

GREAT! ANOTHER SELF-EXPLODING UMBRELLA HEADQUARTERS.
THESE PARANOID BASTARDS DO MORE DAMAGE TO THEIR STUFF THAN WE DO!
EMERGENC
7:30

SELF-DESTRUCT
6:00

SELF-DESTRUCT
5:55

GIVE ME A BREAK!
NOT AGAIN!
WHY DON'T THESE THINGS EVER STAY DEAD?
URGHHHH!
KRUNCH!
SNAP
GRAHHH!
HSSSSSSSS!

SELF-DESTRUCT
4:00
GRARGHHHHHHH!
THE SELF-DESTRUCT SYSTEM MUST HAVE BROKEN SOME WATER PIPES. I CAN BARELY SEE THROUGH THIS STEAM.
I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE IT, BUT I BET BULLETS WON'T STOP THIS THING.
USE THE GRENADES!

SELF-DESTRUCT 3:00

SELF-DESTRUCT
2:00
SELF-DESTRUCT
1:00
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
SELF-DESTRUCT
0:30
THERE'S A WINDOW! JUMP!
BOOM
WHOAAAAA!
KRUNCH!
UGGH!

DAMN! I'M GONNA FEEL THAT ONE IN THE MORNING. NOW WHAT?!
MAYBE THAT WAS THE LAST OF THEM.
GIVE ME A BREAK! DID THE DROP SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAIN?! NO WAY WAS THAT THE LAST OF UMBRELLA!
HEY THERE BIG BROTHER!
CLAIRE?
CLAIRE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
I GOT WORRIED WHEN I COULDN'T FIND YOU IN RACCOON CITY, SO I READ YOUR DIARY AND IT SAID YOU WERE COMING TO EUROPE. WE MET FALCON AND HE TOLD US WHERE YOU WERE. THIS IS MY FRIEND, LEON.
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A STORY FOR US.
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, PAL. GUESS WE'LL DEAL YOU IN ON THE WAY BACK TO THE U.S.
BACK?! BUT WE JUST GOT HERE!
FIN